1st

A Loyal Satyr againſt Whiggiſm.

25. Octob. 1682: Abingdon.

AS I did lately travel from the Town
Through diſtant Roads, and deſerts ſcarcely known,
From whoſe dark thickets when I'd made my way,
A new-found World, as well as new-born day
I thought appear'd; where Nature rul'd alone,
No Art, or help, no gawdy pomp was ſhown,
But every Plant, each Buſh, and ſpreading Tree
Did grow without mans Care or Induſtry.
There as I ſtood, and caſt my eyes around,
Pleas'd with the ſight of that delightful ground,
Something from midſt the Walks did towards me make,
Which nearly did reſemble humane ſhape;
Soon as it nigher came it prov'd to be
A man of moſt inviting honeſty;
An Aſpect courteous, and a brow ſerene,
Of humane nature, and moſt humble meen,
His hoary head did Veneration bear,
And his face ſpoke his Noble Character.
Joyful I was in thoſe ſtrange parts to find
A front that did foretel ſo brave a mind,
For asking me Tranſactions of the Town,
I told him what diſorders late were done;
What wild diſtractions and miſhapen fears,
And what a Cloud of Faction round appears,
What daring Treaſons were but now maintain'd Shaftsbury.
By *Sh.* and City both in Faction train'd,
And how the bloudy minded Whigs do aim
To play again their old King-killing game.
Which when the good old man heard me relate,
In flowing tears he mourn'd his Countrys fate,
And gave me this Advice, Beware my Son
Leſt by the Wiles of Traytors thou'rt undone,
For I have known th' Experience of thoſe times,
When Loyalty was thought the worſt of Crimes;
And when Rebellion with a daring eye
Was cover'd by the Veil of ſanctity,
But thou art young, therefore I'le plainly ſhow
How thou a Monſter Whig mayſt ſurely know,
It ſomewhat favours man; ſo have I ſeen
When on a Chriſtmas Evening we have been
On frolicks bent, a thing of ſuch like note,
With hairy Chin, diminiſh'd hanging Coat,
Broad Hat, ſtiff Band, and a malicious Eye,
Which at a diſtance fully ſeem'd to be
The very Villain that ſequeſtred me.
It rais'd my wonder, but as 't tow'rds us preſt
What ſhould it prove but a Baboon well dreſt,

For ſo moroſe are they, and more preciſe:
As we're in truth, they're poſitive in lies;
What one but ſays, the other ſtraight will ſwear,
Let it be right or wrong, or foul or fair,
It is all one, ſince they the Godly are.
Vile hypocrites, who're only good in ſhow,
Whoſe whole Religion lies in ſeeming ſo:
For were their Souls laid open to our view,
We ſhould not find amongſt 'em all one true.
Therefore beware (again the old man ſaid)
Leſt by their flattering tongues thou art betray'd,
But if they find you loyal, wiſe, and brave,
They'l leer, and ſmile, and ſmiling dig your grave;
Such is their malice, ſpight, and mortal hate
'Gainſt all that love their Country, Prince, and State.
Now gentle Youth let any man of wit
Weigh right their Cauſe, and well Conſider it
They'l find conceal'd a lurking Jeſuit.

Morals and Whigs are Inconſiſtent things,
The one ſtill ſaves, the other ſtill kill's Kings;
Morality would teach 'em to obey,
And make 'em happy under Sovereign ſway,
Make 'em ſpeak well of, and do good to all;
Envious tow'rds none, but love in general.

The very Herds do due ſubmiſſion yield
To the Imperial Lion of the Field;
No Mutinies or Factions do they know,
But pay Allegiance where they ought to do;
'Tis only Whig, that worſer Beaſt than they,
That does pretend to Senſe, and diſobey.
He that although he hears his Brothers name
Unjuſtly wrong'd, won't vindicate his fame,
But rather blow thoſe aſhes into fire
Which were before juſt ready to expire.
Oh! where is then his Juſtice, does it lie
In things like theſe, or Acts of charity?
There I have known 'em well; ye poor beware,
Better ye ſtarve than ask for mercy there:
For ſtead of helping, they will ſpurn your grief,
Contemn your ſorrows, and forbid relief.
Once one of theſe did my aſſiſtance crave
For certain Sums, which I moſt frankly gave
Without the leaſt diſtruſt, his Note, or Bond,
(For who would think that man could do ſuch wrong)
Which when I call'd for in, in rage he ſays,
Nay vows he never ſaw me in his days.
By this I only warn thee to be wiſe,
Nere truſt 'em, for they're all deceit and lies,
Whilſt ſtill they ſeem to act on pious grounds,
Yet cut your throat to gain an hundred pounds.

'Tis

'Tis Intereſt alone that they adore,
Almighty Intereſt, and a ſecret Whore
Can touch the Letchers ſo, that they agen
Shall hug and fleer as if they're Jurymen;
Oh that bleſt time! then, then the Cauſe did riſe,
And full revenge for Tory Injuries,
It was not Right, but Faction did prevail,
A well-grown Whig of Verdicts ne're could fail;
Oh then ye common Hirelings, Cheats, and Knaves,
Heroes in Stews, Stabbers, and Alley-braves;
Turn, turn t' embrace ſo good, ſo ſafe a Cauſe
There you may act your Murders with applauſe,
Kill but a Tory, and you ſerve the Laws.
Nay, though 'tis prov'd, that 'twas your dire Intent
To ſeize your King at *Oxford* Parliament.
Yet bring it up to Town, and you ſhall be
Prais'd by a Jury for your Loyalty;
Though at the very moment Oaths they take
That all they do is meer for Conſcience ſake.

At this he paus'd, and ſomewhat weary grown
In a fine od'rous Grotto we ſate down,
And then he thus went on, Think not dear Youth
That what I've ſaid is malice more than truth,
For Heaven can tell from ſuch vile thoughts I'm free,
And all is out of ſenſe of honeſty.
Which did they know, they would not dare to own
The Helliſh Principles of Forty one,
Nor in their Tubs of Treaſon ſtill declare
That Kings Elective by the People are.
Nor would they now, (but Whig is ſtill the ſame)
Foment Diviſions, and blow up the flame;
But Jealouſies, Suſpicion, Guilt, and Fear
Do on their diſaffected brow appear;
Their buſineſs is to raiſe Commotions higher,
Lay open breaches, peoples hearts to fire
With wild Chimeraes of tyrannick Pow'r,
And of another bloudy Maſſacre;
Or now, which is ſo much the Nations Cry,
The eminent increaſe of Popery.
'Tis Popery that round our City waits,
'Tis Popery that taints our Magiſtrates;
'Tis that alone that makes our Nation fear
A Popiſh Miſs, and Popiſh Succeſſor,
Cries out old *Belial's* Heir, the noble Peer. Earl of Shaftsbury
Whoſe little bulk with Treaſon's ſo orecaſt
That it is vaniſh'd in the miſt at laſt;
He that's reſerv'd ſo long only to be
A fitter pattern of Hells Cruelty,
Where with his Faction when he groveling lies,
They may, too late, caſt up repenting eyes,
And ask forgiveneſs of that Prince, whoſe name
They made it ſtill their buſineſs to defame;

Whilſt

Whilſt he ſhall dazle with a Crown ſo bright,
Their guilty heads ſhan't bear that glorious light,
But from his preſence ſink, and howl in diſmal night.

Another Tenet Whig does ſurely hold,
Is to rail at theſe times, and praiſe the old;
To cry out on the Nations horrid pride,
And caſt all ſins upon the Tory ſide;
As if that formal looks and dreſs preciſe
Mayn't hide a heart more proud than ever lies
In thoſe that wear more handſom Decencies.
Then Whoring, Drinking, Swearing to our Charge
They all impute, and lay our Crimes at large;
And Crimes they are, but ſuch with them are done,
Jenny can tell how well the Tap did run.

'Tis thus that Faction moves, 'tis theſe foul ways
That makes Rebellions, broyls, and threatning days;
Theſe are the men from whom all trouble ſprings;
'Tis they that ruine States, 'tis they that ruine Kings;
Though he be ne're ſo gracious, juſt, and good,
One that wa'nt pleas'd ev'n with Traytors bloud;
And though whole Hecatombs could ne'r attone
For Royal bloud, and an Uſurped Throne,
Yet, like the Almighty, with a giving hand
Pours favours ſtill on an ungrateful Land;
And how do they requite him now at laſt?
'Tis well, 'tis well, Acts of Oblivion paſt.
Sure 'twas enough to have a Father ſlain,
Not to attempt it in the Son again:
But they who are not grateful, cannot be
Ever expected to have honeſty.
The very Beaſts do gratitude profeſs;
Oblige them once, what kindneſs they'l expreſs
By every ſign, and in their Language ſay,
Rather than you ſhall die, we'll be the prey:
Now to be Whig and grateful ne'r was known,
It is enough to make their Charter none.
For if ſuch bounteous graces of their Prince
Can't raiſe a grateful, nor a Loyal ſenſe,
But they who after all, his Pow'r diſown,
His Favours ſlight, and undermine his Throne,
Firſt bring him low, to ſeize at laſt his Crown.
Who're ſo to Kings, oh what will they then be
To Fellow Creatures of their own Degree?
How are they fit for Mans Society?

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